Away with him, I will not heare him ſpeake.
And now towards Couentrie lets bend our courſe,
To meet with *Warvvicke*, and his confederates.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter VVarvvicke on the VValles.

VVar. Where is the poſt that came from valient *Oxford?*
How far hence is thy Lord, my honeſt fellowe?
Ox. Poſt. By this at *Daintrie*, marching hitherward.
War. Where is our brother *Montague?*
Where is the poſt that came from *Montague?*
Poſt. I left him at *Donſmore*, with his troopes.
VVar. Say *Sommerfield*, where is my loueing ſonne?
And by thy geſſe, how farre is *Clarence* hence?
Som. At *Southam* my Lord, I left him with his force,
And do expect him two howers hence.
War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

Enter Edward, and his power.

Glo. See Brother where the ſurly *Warwicke* mans the wall.
War. Oh vnbid ſpight: is ſpottfull *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our ſcoutes? or how are they ſeduc'd?
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?
Ed. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou be ſorie for thy faultes,
And call *Edward* King, and he will pardon thee?
War. Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe,
Confeſſe who ſet thee vp, and puld thee downe:
Call *VVarwicke* patron, and be penitent,
And thou ſhalt ſtill remaine the Duke of *Yorke*.
Glo. I had thought at leaſt he would haue ſaid the King,
Or did he make the ieaſt againſt his will?
War. T was *VVarwicke*, gaue the kingdome to thy brother.
Ed. Why then tis mine, if but by *VVarwickes* guift.
VVar. I but thou art no *Atlas* for ſo great a waight,
And weakling *VVarwicke* takes his guift againe,
Henrie is my king: *VVarwicke* his ſubiect.
Ed. I prethee gallant *VVarvvieke* tell me this,
What is the bodie, when the head is off?

Glo.